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KINGS TO REMEMBER

Front Page Picture, original caption:

This new Daily Express series reproduces pictures that have circled the world; that have appeared in practically every illustrated newspaper. This one of the Duke of Windsor (as Prince of Wales) was taken at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1919 by the official photographer of the Newspaper Proprietor's Association. Just as the Prince was about to sign the book some one in the crowd cried: "Look out, you're signing the pledge." The smile that was recorded went round the world. Newspapers, magazines, makers of chocolate-boxes, of cigarettes, of postcards and calendars rushed to secure it. Reproduction fees must have brought in hundreds of pounds.

KINGS TO REMEMBER

by Rosine de Bouneville

"History is Bunk" said Henry Ford; which shows there was more to him than a talent for making millions by designing the 'Tin Lizzies'. Most of so-called "History" is bunk, but how many of us are aware of it? All that we have learned from "1066 and All That" seems to be how to turn virtue into vice and "vice versa" - No pun intended. The Monarchs that would-be winners in quiz programmes have heard of, usually turn out to be alleged murderers, sodomites, madmen, or usurpers of the thrones of the foregoing, so this *Candour* collection is issued with the warning that our reasons for recalling these particular Kings, and the action that should have made them memorable, are different and sometimes diametrically opposed to the ones made popular by generations of "Establishment" historians.

Candour readers and a comparatively small society of "historic crime investigators" are aware that there were no "skeletons uncovered in the fifteenth century Tower of London, Princes or otherwise, but the knowledge is not shared by the 'Great British Public'. Shakespeare's genius made the archtypal infanticidal, hunchback out of Richard III, the perfect cover up for the truly murderous usurping Tudor, Henry VII, and the disastrous dynasty that saw the crack of Christendom, the evils of which are directly responsible for the God-forgetting society so plague ridden today. The first Charles, "The Martyr" earns retrospective reverence because he *failed* to save his Kingdom from the conquering money power; Charles II, his son, is written off as "The Merry Monarch" famous for his mistresses, Nell Gwynne and Company, because his only protest was to proclaim the truth that "My words are my own but my deeds are my ministers." James II, the last of the Stuart kings, although true to his faith was no match for the insidious power which was and is no longer the whispering advice from behind the throne but is permanently seated upon it manipulating the puppet in its lap.

So: are there any post seventeenth century kings we English would do well to remember? Well, yes there are - on both sides of our country's blanket. But before anything else it is necessary to know whence came their royal Stuart strain in the House of Hanover established at the Court of St. James. So your editor has to confess that in her unregenerate days she was, like the vast majority of the civilian population, as politically ignorant and indifferent as any manipulating power could wish, but after an inadvertant, on the spot sight of the personel of the New York headquarters of the so-called United Nations she belatedly realised that "something ought

to be done." In England, the post-war Labour government was due to face another election and the challenge of the war-time, blockbusting "Saviour of Britain", Winston Spencer Churchill. In the time-honoured way, the voting public thought it had a choice and duly replaced the Labour party government with the Conservative party government.

Muggins found herself a newly recruited member of the Tory party being "groomed for stardom" and thus waking up to find herself - not yet "famous" like Byron - but the "President" of the Young Conservatives Committee. There was obviously a shortage of leadership material in that set up and it did not take any time to find out why - nearly all the local Y.C.'s knew even less about the machinery of government than their seniors and envinced little desire to learn more, at least none of the females did, and they made up 99% of the company. Their education began with a "quiz" and one of the questions was; "What relation was Sophia of Hanover to Charles I?" Nobody knew, or could see any need to know, even when it was revealed that *she* was the grand daughter of James I, King of England, and that was where the trickle of Stuart blood came from that enabled "the establishment" to instal a foreign Protestant prince in place of the legitimate Catholic heir to the Throne made vacant by the death of Queen Anne. So much for political parties...

However they were all guileless good girls really, just in need of husbands. So, as there was an army training camp nearby where the "Dining In" night was Thursday, we decided to institute a social amenity and name it the *Not Thursday Night Club*, and called on the adjutant to ask if he would advertise it in the Mess. He agreed - it is wonderful what a conservative with a capital "C" will do....

In due course, one slightly embarrassed subaltern turned up on a Friday night and was ushered into the drawing room at Forest House to be confronted with a dozen young girls, seated in a row, on settee and armchairs, they were so dumb with shyness that the initial introduction was followed by a duet initiated by the thirty eight year old "Chairman" of both Y.C.'s and *Not Thursday Nighters*. However, the ice *did* eventually break, the young man returned to camp determined to popularise this only alternative to the local inn. Needless to say, politics "ceased to be their reason for it's being" - at least in the minds of everyone but the Young Conservative Association Chairman, who to her naive surprise was invited to join the local Senior Conservative Committee.

This was the time of the ineffable Anthony Eden's premiership, and the 'Suez Crisis' was as yet only on the horizon. The Chairman of this senior committee was the local magnate with a rich wife, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith, who had been the last Governor of Burma. The secretary was a typical Conservative lady, and the rank and file consisted of local professionals and superior shop *proprietors*. My first shock came when a very Conservative (with a small "c") general store owner asked, somewhat tentatively, what we were going to do about "coloured immigration". The Chairman and Secretary, after a tiny embarrassed hush, said that it was not really a local problem, or words to that effect, and changed the subject.... The next month, or whenever the following meeting was - the enquiring store proprietor was conspicuous by his absence, when I asked someone where he was, I was told by the Secretary that he "wasn't really suitable as a committee member"....or something....

No doubt about it, "Coloured immigration" was a banned subject and mentioners thereof were immediately

rendered *persona non grata* before they could contaminate the faithful. Providentially, however, I continued in "the Party" because I thought I was doing something moderately useful with the young ones if it was only producing a certain healthy scepticism concerning the patriotic benefits to be derived from party politics.

Then came "The Middle East" and the "Suez Crisis" (so-called) when the British re-occupation force was abruptly withdrawn when very success was assured and completion imminent. I was airing my outraged views in the local inn within hearing of a R.E. Major in uniform, from the same camp as our subalterns, and he suggested that if I reacted like that, I might be interested in a magazine to which *he* subscribed - and that is how I was introduced to *Candour* and the enlightening "leaders" of A.K. Chesterton. *Candour* then appeared weekly and the soldier sent me the copies issued during the previous *eight months!* I read them all with increasing avidity which culminated in my subscribing to the paper and joining its companion publicity action organisation: The League of Empire Loyalists, and talking the Liss Young Conservatives into resigning from that party in a rush of patriotic fervour which made the "Last Governor of Burmah" choke over his breakfast copy of the continental *Daily Mail* and write from Belgium to the local *Petersfield Post* saying that I had "neither political nor ordinary decency"-- Alas A.K. learned about *that* too late to tell me that I should have claimed libel damages!

Now, at last we are back to the Things and Kings to Remember and what we should know and do about them:

The first thing to know *is* that any significant figure who deserts the Establishment line is asking for punishment, and Kings most of all.

Consider these statements quoted below. They are from the *Candour* issue reporting the ceremonial proceedings in the United States celebrating the double centenary of their Declaration of Independence at which our subservient Monarch was present.

July 1976

Queen Elizabeth II

"... without that great act in the cause of liberty performed in Independence Hall two hundred years ago, we could never have transformed an Empire into a Commonwealth."

Circa 1776

King George III

".... If their treason be suffered to take root much mischief must grow from it to the safety of my loyal colonies, to the commerce of my Kingdoms and indeed, to the *present system of all Europe.* (Our italics. Ed)

Whose prognosis would you choose today on the verge of One Talmudic World?

No wonder *they* declared "Farmer George" mad, and though it took 200 years - our Queen became a self-declared "Citizen of Europe."

It took a long time for the next Royal kick over the Establishment traces to be attempted -and then it was a Queen.

Somehow it seems that when the "King" is female, she is less likely to be subjected to capital punishment for minor encroachments, or is it that chivalry may exist in the most unlikely breast. Certainly Queen Victoria persisted with seeming immunity in *her* efforts to re-inforce the besieged forces of General Gordon in Khartoum before it was too late - but then of course, it *was* too late so perhaps that was her

punishment although the arrogant culprits were unable wholly to shift the blame from themselves even for posterity. Victoria remained the public idol that death could not destroy. (Maybe *distance* was an important part of this?) Her victory was yet to come as a result of the aftermath of "Magnificence that was not War"....

In the saga of Florence Nightingale, Victoria could claim the victory. Today everyone knows about the "unfading glory" of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava - but the heinous sequel - the *scandal* of the neglect of equipment supplies which resulted, in those *charnal houses* of the Crimea, in the wounded warriors who survived the battles being dragged, sometimes actually along the rough and frozen ground to the "hospital" at Scutari where the shortage of beds or even bedding; the absence of any nursing care, even of the most rudimentary consideration, left the dead, dying and those yet capable of survival to be laid together, their blood-boltered bodies in their own odour on the filthy floor, without food or water - they died in their thousands of cholera, typhoid, tetanus, poisoning, cold and just plain neglect; all of which the medical authorities persisted in denying, refusing to admit that *anything* was in need of reform. At last, however, the war correspondent of *The Times* newspaper, William Howard Russell, furiously and indignantly described the sufferings of the sick and wounded until it became such a public scandal that the Secretary of War, Sidney Herbert, at last, became convinced that the medical authorities both at home and in the Crimea were lying in their teeth when they persisted that all was well in the military hospitals in their charge. Mr Herbert, "Took steps to remedy the situation by writing to Miss Nightingale inviting her to go to Scutari to take charge of an official scheme for introducing female nurses into hospitals for the British Army." Nothing daunted, the entrenched authorities refused to countenance any such innovation until the Queen (King) herself intervened, forcing them to obey. They did so, perforce, but with reluctance and as little co-operation as they could disguise as "protocol". The redoubtable Florence Nightingale and her royal supporter, however, will doubtless be remembered and revered as long as the sick, wounded or dying are cared for in military and/or civilian hospitals, by generations unaware that anyone *could* have been so cruel and crass as to obstruct the commission of so beneficent a service.

It was a second victory for Victoria, but it was also the last *successful* Royal intervention made in the cause of our national welfare.

Her successor, Edward the Seventh, should more aptly have been known as "Henry the Ninth" for he was as great a self-indulgent syphilitic as his remote predecessor, Henry VIII; instead he was hailed as "Good Old Teddy" by an infatuated populace, delighted with his departure from the theoretically admired Victorian virtues of sacrifice and duty - Cheering his informal appearances with his mistresses, yachts, gambling and Derby winner.... Seemingly all unaware that it was all made possible by the Munificent Moneylenders, whose price was the (again necessary) Royal Signature on the fatal document mis-named a "peace treaty" which ensured the commission of "the war to end wars" as surely as the next generation's cynical "Polish Guarantee" made certain the renewal of conflict to "finish the job."

Even so, the national lion, though gored and bleeding, still stood at bay in the arena, symbolic of a *nation* that would have to be slain, for it would *never* surrender.

Like King Charles II, the English nation would be an unconscionable time a-dying. 1935 and the death of King George V, brought the last, and possibly "the noblest of them all" to the throne. The first act of the new King, Edward the Eighth was to underline 'Establishment' doubts as to his suitability for the puppet part all modern 'kings' are intended to play: He *walked* the four and a half miles behind his father's coffin to its last resting place and thus compelled all claimants to places in Establishment Gift to do the same! Oh, Calamity! This was a King who exhibited all the hallmarks of a King *indeed* as well as in name.

As Prince of Wales, he had already endeared himself to His People by his palpable sympathy with the miseries brought upon them by the hidden hand of the universal usurer; Now it seemed he "Did not know his place." He must be taught it at once.

Stanley Baldwin the then Prime Minister, already had a score to pay: Some time before the late King's death, a tour had been arranged for the Prince to visit His Principality of Wales*. The following account of it was given by Edward VIII's erstwhile chauffeur to the present writer when she met him in South Africa when "the war" (W.W.II), the Reign, the Abdication and the Manufactured Scandals had become, what passes for "History".

The chauffeur said that the proposed route had been marked out with flags but the King said, "No, turn down there." "There", was a lane turning down to the Valleys where the miners, deprived of their traditional labours, starved and endured. Arrived in the first village they came to, the King alighted to return the greetings of his astonished hosts; when he saw the dolorous state of the Welsh mining families, he was horrified - they were emaciated! Royalty carries no cash, so he turned to his entourage and told them: "Buy the children some bananas - or *something*. They are starving." Today, we are well informed by words and pictures of the miserable state of children and their parents in the 'liberated Third World'. King Edward, on that day, saw the same circumstances and the same patient suffering in his own Principality of Wales.... On his return to England he announced to his Prime Minister: "Something *must* be done to re-establish them in work and reasonable living conditions", or words to the same effect. Baldwin replied that he - the King - was behaving in an unconstitutional manner - "Nonsense" said the Monarch - or words to that effect, "The welfare of my subjects *is* my constitutional business."

Thereafter, Edward's popularity mysteriously diminished until, suddenly, from the U.S.A., came the "scandal" of Mrs Wallace Simpson, and all the while "the pieces" were being manipulated into positions from which they would have nowhere to go but to the conflict designed to destroy them.

All that the Great British Public heard or read about during the following months was the wanton passion of the King for a twice divorced woman whom he was determined to make Queen of England, no mention, of course, of "Consort" or of the historical precedent of Morgantic Marriage.

When our last true King said "Goodbye", the media-mud-covered public, for the most part, added their dollop of disgust to the printed filth smeared over "the debauched Prince" who had been lured from his manifest duty by the wiles of a dissolute woman who had the audacity to imagine she would be an acceptable 'Queen'.... 'Heaven Forbid!' How could the late 'Sailor King's' son so desert his duty and leave

his unhappy brother and his lovely, faithful, wife to carry the intolerable burden thrust upon them....etc, and so bloody on.... Poor George, Duke of York, with his shy stutter: what a blessing that his noble self sacrificing partner was prepared to help and support her spouse in his burdensome task for which he was so ill-equipped, whilst his feckless brother went pleasure cruising with the ambitious American 'tart' whom - God be thanked - had been thwarted of the Crown matrimonial by the adamancy of Mr Baldwin and the Archbishop of Canterbury who had forced the wayward Monarch to understand that the "Head of the Church in England" could not foist a twice divorced woman on the British public in the position of 'Queen'. So flowed the nauseas shower. In vain did Edward cite the precedents of morganatic marriages among his forebears. NO! Both Church and State authorities insisted that the King's wife could have no other title than "Majesty". Only the Hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church pointed out that since in Catholic eyes, marriage being "till death parted" no one could be *twice* divorced, and since divorce itself was the foundation of the Tudor dynasty, the "Church of England" and abolition of the idea of the indissolubility of Holy Matrimony - what was all the fuss about?

So what was Edward the Eighth really doing when he was alleged to be irresponsibly enjoying himself cruising with his paramour? He was on a self-conducted tour of National Socialist Germany to see for himself what Adolf Hitler had made of the country that had been ground to ashes by the Diktat of our traditional enemy, The Jewish Money Power, in the so-called Treaty of Versailles. Hitler had found a nation in the chains of usury, starving and almost despairing; This, he and his National Socialist comrades had turned into a dedicated prosperous Nation of free men and women where no one would "be despised because he had worked with his hands" and what he earned he could use for the welfare of himself and family. The King of England learned that his Country and Empire had nothing to fear from the Third Reich, indeed Hitler's Germany had only one enemy - the Capitalised Communist Gulag which the Bolsheviks had made of what was once *Holy Russia* now designated The Union of Soviet Socialist Republics presided over by mass-murderer and enslaver;- known as Stalin, that political monster, created, financed and sustained by the Satanic Jewish Money Power, was the enemy that Germany intended to destroy before their nation and all others were themselves destroyed. Thus, King Edward, has joined in "history" that unique Club of Kings to be remembered because he did try to save his Country and Empire from the instrument of devastation prepared for them by the seemingly all powerful Jewish Money Power in its pursuance of a bogus messianic mission. He failed: But that failure reminds us of a half forgotten quotation which *does* embolden us:

"....We failed, fail you as nobly and we shall have succeeded".

* But, in fact it did not take place until the Prince had become King.

Will it be considered arrogant if we quote: "Great minds think alike,"? *Candour's* only alternative to Colin Jordan's expert description of the madness engendered by the media as "Diana Daftness" - we call it manufactured "Dianaritis".... which we believe is media and hysteria inspired....

THE DIANA DAFTNESS

by Colin Jordan

With September (1997) a strange fit of madness came and gripped Britain for several weeks, convulsing the public at large with a high fever of hysteria. Scribes penned soaring and saintly eulogies. Flower sellers enjoyed the bonanza of their lives. Souvenir makers made a fortune. A depraved, drink and drug homosexual named Elton John, who appropriately performed as a 'people's star' at the funeral in Westminster Abbey of a 'people's' potentate, sold millions of records of his pop production.

The Queen interrupted her summer sojourn at Balmoral to return to London to broadcast to the nation. A minute's silence was observed far and wide. Suggestions for commemoration encompassed an eternal flame, a specially named bank holiday, the minting of new coins, the renaming of Heathrow Airport, the permanent closing to traffic of London's leading thoroughfare the Mall, and the award of a Nobel Peace Prize.

The passing of what great person occasioned this extravaganza of the century? What stirred the press, pulpit and public to such a frenzy of adulation and hullabaloo of grief? It was not the death of some giant of nobility after lifelong labour for the benefit and betterment of Britain. Not a manifestation of concern for the fate of the nation in the face of present, destructive trends. Not an awakening of reverence for the millions in past times who have truly served the community or died to keep Britain for the British.

Instead, this fantastic convulsion of a nation was caused by the death in a car accident of a comparatively worthless, young woman who, born into luxury and idleness, can hardly have ever done a hard day's work in her life. Hers was a death caused by a lack of sufficient common sense in concern for herself and her children as not to be wearing a seat belt when allowing herself to be driven at up to 100 miles an hour or more (around 3 times the speed limit in that part of central Paris) by a drunken driver who was more than 3 times over the drink-driving limit and, moreover, taking medications impairing his driving ability.

The Diana Daftness, as we may dub the public response to this appalling irresponsibility, was the truly weird canonisation of a deeply unstable, indeed mentally ill character subject to tantrums in the course of which on one occasion she threw herself downstairs when pregnant, thus endangering a future heir to the throne; subject to the derangement known as anorexia, namely a disposition to starve herself; subject to an inclination to suicide as shown by an attempt at Sandringham; and subject to an indulgence in self-mutilation as a symptom of severe mental disturbance as reported in the *London Daily Telegraph* (13 July 1996).

At school this glossy idol of the gaping masses had failed all five of her O-Levels, and, but for her plutocratic background and chance elevation to royalty, could have failed to qualify for a check-out job at a supermarket. She was a notably shallow person devoted to pleasure and display, devoid of cultural attainment, her musical level for instance being that of rock concerts she attended and jumped up and down at, her favourite pop group having been one popular with the frenetic youngsters known as 'teenie boppers'.

Violating fidelity like her husband, Charles, as a rotten example to the nation, this candidate for sainthood indulged in an adulterous affair with an army officer, and another one with a riding instructor, not to mention any more. Before her demise and the ensuing suspension of criticism the *London Sunday Telegraph* (16 August 1997) said of her sexual roving that she "always ends with second-class riff-raff like James Hewitt or dullards like Christopher Whalley".

With her image in danger of resolving accurately into no more than that of a pretty, entirely playful princess, she entrusted herself to and was taken over by professional image makers, particularly and principally the Jewess Susie Orbach, a feminist guru and psychotherapist, and given a year-long series of training sessions, thrice weekly, with her. The outcome was fast-forced, synthetic presentation of a new 'caring' princess of hearts. She contrived to be pictured fussing with Coloured children in Brixton and elsewhere; shaking hands and holding hands with AIDS patients at Middlesex Hospital and elsewhere; and opening a drug centre in Glasgow; thus winning fans from the scum of society, and emerging as a queen of queers and drug addicts. She was even shown pushing herself before TV cameras she had brought into a Harefield Hospital, London, operating theatre so she could portray concern for a Negro boy brought from Africa for a heart operation, before which she had taken care to be seen kissing and cuddling him.



Diana, Princess of Wales, takes centre stage under the watchful eye of former US Secretary of State and Bilderberger, Henry Kissinger.

While this pop star Princess of artificiality made out, when she had an overdose of it, that she was hounded and driven to desperation by the media - and it was initially declared after her fatal accident that she had been brought to it by pursuing paparazzi - the fact is that she was a publicity addict who pursued and played with that media whenever it suited her for the gratification of her vanity. She tipped off the press whenever she fancied their presence. She approached editors on occasions seeking attention. She supplied material to the media through friends. She paraded in front of them at impromptu press conferences. With her eager connivance, the media profitably transformed a nonentity into a constant, frontpage feature; so much so that she came to fancy herself as a special ambassador for Blair's Britain, and he was moving towards making her such.

Her charitable disposition as far as her own pocket was concerned was put in question by her extravagance regarding personal adornment. She was reported as expending 100,000 pounds on clothes for a trip to Italy in the

1980's and 80,000 pounds on clothes for a trip to Saudi Arabia and other neighbouring places in the same decade. Her dress at a 'charity ball' in New York the year before she died cost 10,000 pounds. Her total expenditure on clothes during her performance as a tinsel princess of 'compassion' must have run into millions. If she had been less of a show-off, she could have benefited her showcase charities by personal donation in place of some of this luxury.

Our Diana of decadence not only put herself into Jewish hands with her backstage mentor, Susie Orbach, she was surrounded by Jewish friends and confidants, among them the Jewish film producer, David Puttnam, banker Lord Jacob Rothschild, the Jewish editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, Dominic Lawson, and his wife Rosa (president of the jeweller's Tiffany & Co.); and her lawyer, the Jew Lord Mishcon. Even a Jewess, Elizabeth Emmanuel, designed her wedding dress and clothed her for years, so that in fabric as well as thought she was a Jewish product.

In view of who she really was behind the gloss, it can be no real surprise that this playgirl of a princess gravitated to an Egyptian playboy, and at the end seemed set, as the mother of a future king of England, to 'marry' him and become a Muslim. Dodi, her final beau - son of Mohamed Fayed, vastly wealthy owner of Harrods, the huge London grocers, and the enormously expensive Ritz Hotel in Paris, along with other properties and investments said to total in value 1.5 billion pounds - was an utterly useless parasite, enormously wealthy with a collection of multimillion pound properties around the world including a castle in the Scottish Highlands, a fleet of cars, an impressive record of philandering, and an ability to gobble down tins of caviar worth 300 pounds each.

It was not the first time our trumpery princess had gone Asian. Earlier in the year she had been dancing in the arms of Asian millionaire, Gulu Lalvani, and the next day, garlanded and with a Hindu mark on her forehead, had been to a Hindu temple in North London. She had other Asian friends.

The reason why *Gothic Ripples* here expends such an amount of space in summing up and cutting down to size a paltry character who never said or did a single thing for our beleaguered race, and who instead was greatly harmful in regularly seeking opportunity to promote Coloureds and race mixing and various other forms of degeneracy, is that the Dianamania following her departure vividly showed the acute stage which our national sickness has now reached. In a milieu where the bulk of the nation seeks to make something of a goddess out of Diana, there is clearly a sense of void in the public mind, a sense of the absence of anything of an uplifting national mission in the Britain governed by the likes of Blair. The public responds to this by creating false idols such as pop stars and fairy princesses under the tutelage of a captivating media. The BNP's belief that it can detach the public from this enslavement is a fond and fatal illusion.

The above article was reprinted from *Gothic Ripples*, No. 37, December 1997, with the kind permission of the Editor, Mr Colin Jordan.

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WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT ? OR, THE NEW COMMONWEALTH, FROM EMPIRE TO CHAOS IN FORTY YEARS.

by Bwana Mkubwa (Bwana Mkubwa, a title that a few of us were given by the Africa Police, my *Nom de Plume* for articles on Africa....)

Forty years ago, 1953, the Union flag flew with justified pride over vast areas of Africa, from the arid deserts of the Sudan to the great green Limpopo. A benevolent, paternalistic Empire administered by an incredibly few thousand British Colonial Civil Servants. A fascinating noble breed of Britons who worked and served with an unselfish dedicated enthusiasm and integrity that is in our present cynical bewildered age either laughed at or looked back upon with nostalgic admiration and longing. For comparatively small financial reward but with the satisfaction of doing a noble task, they dedicated themselves to the service and development of the primitive peoples of different races and many varied tribes. In the early years they did this, often under appalling circumstances, in frightful conditions of hardship and danger.

Only sixty years before, most of Africa had been a howling wilderness, a primitive horror-filled "Dark Continent", ravaged by decimating diseases, torn by pitiless tribal wars, the hunting grounds of merciless slave traders from the North. In isolated tribal villages where "stranger" meant "enemy and death", in which every primitive horror took place, the wretched African tribesmen had existed for long dark centuries, with no sign of any self-motivated ambition towards a better life; scourged by famine; endlessly preyed upon by neighbouring tribes whilst subjected to the frightful cults and superstitions of their own which claimed countless lives to satisfy their evil rituals and customs ruled by the all powerful witch doctors. It was the frightful reports brought back by intrepid explorers and missionaries such as Burton, Stanley, Livingstone and Fr Daniel Comboni that in the last decades of the 19th century awoke the consciences of the European powers, especially Imperial Britain and so rather by accident than design, Britain found herself ruling the most amazing Empire in the history of mankind. An Empire that was for the most part genuinely obtained with the aim of helping the subject peoples.

In the years up to 1953, the few thousand settlers and Colonial Civil Servants, at a great cost in lives and health, from disease and other dangers, had transformed this vast wilderness with speed, incredible efficiency and dedicated skill.

The wars had ceased, the (black) slave trade stamped out, law and order prevailed. Thousands of miles of railways and roads had been constructed, cutting through jungles, forests, swamps, across arid plains and deserts, and spanning mighty rivers. Well laid out towns, with hospitals, stores, schools, administration buildings and court houses had sprung up with a speed that contrasted with the centuries of gradualism in Europe. Mines had been sunk in remote fever haunted areas and around them more towns had mushroomed up, with all the infrastructure of modern civilisation. The "Dark Continent" blazed with light from one end to the other.

Thousands of Africans from all the varied tribes flocked to these new places of employment and progress. Tribes that had been kept apart for war torn centuries mingled together, the warrior and his victim, the slave trader with his once pitiful prey. The decimating diseases and the tsetse fly were for the most part controlled. The farms hacked from the harsh bush and worked for long years by the hardy white farmers soon produced for the first time in Africa's history a surplus of food. Famine became a horrific memory, banished it was hoped for ever!!! Thousands of African children attended schools and the excellent Colonial medical services that stretched right out into the remotest areas bringing inoculations and vaccinations caused a rapid population explosion. Well maintained railways linked the vast distances across Africa. Huge lorries and buses linked up even the most remote areas. Experts in forestry, animal husbandry and agriculture started to uplift the primitive African lifestyle in the rural areas. For the price of a stamp a letter bearing only a name and a small totem drawing would be delivered to a remote village.

The magnificent African wild life was protected at last. Vast reserves, well chosen and following years of research were established in which the rich heritage of African wild life could have been preserved forever, without in any way hindering the rural development. In 1960 an estimated 6 million elephants roamed in safety, their future secured forever; so it was confidently expected.

Every Colony had a good trading balance and most had very substantial cash reserves. None were crippled by usurious debt. Christianity accompanying the development at last appeared to be winning the battle against the evil forces of darkness. A golden age was at hand especially when compared to the so recent past.

Then in the early 1960's came the mythical "Wind of Change", the march towards so-called democracy. One man One vote. Alas poor Africa! Applauded by the deluded western liberal opinion that would not listen to any voice, especially not from those who lived in Africa, encouraged by the ruthless Money Power, helped, subverted and armed, in many cases, by Godless Communism intent on imposing a new slavery, the march to the nightmare began.

Within a couple of decades all of the African Colonies were "free". The Empire became "The New Commonwealth", the Colonial Governors with their quaint plumed helmets, living in their spacious ever open Government houses where they entertained tea parties on the lawn, guarded only by a few unarmed police; these men and their compatriots all went: those representatives of the so-called oppressive Colonial rule, and with them went the police and most of the Colonial Civil Servants; the engineers, the doctors, agricultural experts, water engineers, the experts who had built up the Colonies. The original Governors were replaced in nearly every colony by what were called by the liberal reformers "well loved Presidents" who for the most part were so "well loved" that they lived in fortified Government houses surrounded by huge fences, guarded night and day by hundreds of armed men. Most of the Colonial administrators were replaced by Africans. No matter their lack of skills, education, training or qualifications. The legislative chambers too were Africanised, with the new rulers. The main qualification being a black face and belonging to the right party or the right tribe.

The new "Bosses", most of them former terrorists who had clawed their way to power over the bodies of hundreds if not thousands of their fellow Africans, became respected world leaders. They, in the opinion of many Western liberals, would show the jaded, morally bankrupt Western World, how to rule; they would teach us much. They rubbed shoulders with the Queen, with leaders of the rest of the world, with politicians and bishops. Soon, with their fellow leaders from other former European Colonies in Africa and elsewhere in the New Commonwealth they dominated the United Nations. The Mad Hatter's Tea Party was complete. The inevitable slide into chaos began.

Almost at once the old tribal hatreds flared up, and civil wars ensued. One Man One Vote soon meant in most countries One Party, in, as long as it could cling by terror and oppression, to power.

Once again The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse rode the smoke filled skies of Africa, this time joined by the four New Horsemen, Corruption, Tribalism, Witchcraft and African incompetence. The long, blood-stained, sagas of the civil wars, revolts, coups, slaughters, famines and droughts that have since scourged Africa are now well known. Even the blinkered Western Liberals, who at first blamed everything on the Colonial system, can now no longer find excuses. How many millions of Africans have been slaughtered, died of famine or disease since 1960 is not known. For every body found in Africa there are always five more undiscovered in the bush! For years now, television, in many ways a curse, has at last shown the Briton some of the horrors that have followed the disgraceful scramble out of Africa and the cynical betrayal of responsibility. Skeletal figures from Dante's Inferno have peered endlessly out of our screens. Matchstick thin black children with huge horror filled eyes beseech our pity. Yet millions of pounds have been poured into Africa. The once handsome balances of payments have all vanished. Huge debts of fantastic unpayable amounts hang like the devil's bonds round the necks of the African people. Yet still the idea of our wonderful New Commonwealth is sold to the bewildered British people who now only see it as a great black sewer, draining away their own much needed money.

Everywhere in the New African Commonwealth the once magnificent infrastructure has broken down, the trains have staggered to a halt or else become clanking, unmaintained (there is no African word comparable to maintenance) jokes. The roads are cracking up, returning to the bush, most of the carefully introduced machinery brought in before, and since, independence soon dies off from lack of maintenance or from African inefficiency. There are endless stories from those who have left, of the utter waste of it all. Famine and disease are now endemic. Countries that had enjoyed surpluses of food for the last decades, now have to import it. There are no longer huge food reserves as were kept in the Colonial days.

The forest reserves have been decimated adding to the threats of drought. Once prosperous food producing European farms have in many cases been (and are being) turned into inefficient low grade allotments, that will soon become unproductive as the land is killed off.

The wild life was the at first, unknown, victim of the New Commonwealth. Vast herds of antelope kept on European farms were soon slaughtered. Then they started on the other animals. It was only when the plight of the elephant

brought their population down to 2 million in 1980 that the Western world began, strangely, to see that the Africans could not look after their wonderful Game Reserves. What else was expected when they could not feed or look after their own people? Did any thinking person imagine that they would look after their own animals especially when they could make money out of them? The elephant and rhino caught the headlines but many other exotic animals verge on the brink of extinction. Do we see pictures on TV of the plight of the Giant Sable Antelope?

Some tales from those who stayed on are hilarious, others horrific. Wood fires lit in the electric stoves, as Africans moved into European houses. Terrific spending sprees, as Co-Ops were formed. Building Co-ops to finance Government buildings, where all the money was drunk and the Police had to guard the workers to keep them working. Chicken coops where the workers went on endless feasts as they ate up all of the stock, Government lorries vanished by the dozen when put in the charge of Africans who saw that they had their life's desire, and shot off with it to their villages to engage in commerce and to show off. People bled to death outside hospitals while Police and staff argued whose job it was to carry in the wounded! Children died by the dozen from hugely over strong doses of medicine. Girl students found that often they had to sleep with their teachers to pass exams. Requests came on official note paper from outlying areas for permission to hire "smellers out" to find witches; requests for the boots promised before Independence, ditto the cheque books. There was even a space rocket built from dustbins, as one African dictator thought that Africa should have its own space programme, and this was taken seriously by outsiders. The lunatics as well as the Horsemen of the Apocalypse were at play.

Now, we have charities pleading with us for money and more money to try to repair some of the damage. They are attempting the impossible, and anyone who knows Africa must know this. How can charities ever hope to do what it took thousands of trained experts decades to achieve? We also have well meaning youngsters going out to dig wells and build schools. Oh, where are all the experts of yesteryear? Some of these charities must take some blame for the present chaos and suffering, as they, in the pre-Independence days, often promoted African nationalism. Now, they can see the fruits of their work. (If not wilfully blind.... Ed.) Where is there one "Mea Culpa" to be heard? Where, in fact, has there been one of the liberal idealists or politicians who supported African nationalism admitting that he was wrong and should take some blame....

Here is a true story that sums it all up. A European Police Officer; some twenty years ago, was pulling out of Central Africa. He had also, by reason of Police position, been a Justice of the Peace. Since Independence all Africans had found that they needed passports, etc, to travel to neighbouring countries where once they could travel at will. They also needed many other official documents and many were required to swear affidavits. Since independence, he had noticed more and more Africans were coming to him. Walking miles past other, African, Justices of the Peace. Word had spread that there was still a European JP available. He realised that they were coming to him because they would not be kept sitting in the sun, insulted if of the wrong tribe or have to face all the other humiliations imposed by a cruel

African bureaucracy run by power mad men who love to inflict pain on their fellow Africans.

He had trained an African who would take over from him. A Kind Jovial Man! On his last day of duty he told his African colleague how the people had all been coming to him for affidavits because they were well treated and that he hoped the African would carry on the good work. At that the first supplicant was shown in. A young woman, white with dust, looking exhausted. She carried a small child and a toddler clung to her skirt. She had obviously walked many many miles. A piece of paper was in her hand. Her face lit up as she saw the two European Police Officers and entered the office. The African JP twisted his face into an ugly and ferocious scowl and advanced on her. "F**k off" he screamed and she fled. He beamed. "Now they will know that I too am a bastard and I won't be worried anymore." Now we could see the spirit of the New Commonwealth!

The ancient Romans gave up their freely issued money for "bread and circuses." The gullible African gave up safety, peace, employment, medical care, freedom from famine and oppression for a worthless vote and usurious debt.... The only free circus he obtained was the madness and pathetic lunacy he saw acted out around him.

Who would have thought it forty years ago? (Well A.K. Chesterton for one, but few were listening. Ed.) Who travelling in Africa in 1953*, seeing the excellent well-run railways, the good roads, the peace, prosperity, the happy, well fed Africans, seeing the modern hospitals and the schools; drinking fresh milk on the Copperbelt of Zambia, seeing shops full of goods from all over the world.

The sum of human misery that is now Africa has swelled so that the bewildered Briton cannot but feel frustrated compassion as the truth of the New Commonwealth is now shown daily on TV. To the old Colonialists who spent so many of their years working to build up the old Africa what should they feel but bitter anger. They all knew that it would happen, but no one listened. No one could imagine that things would ever come to this. Who in fact would have thought it forty years ago? (Back to you A.K.)

*When A.K.C. founded *Candour* when "Truth" was murdered. (Ed).





WARNING !

(Original Introduction to *CANDOUR* Supplement, 22nd July, 1960.)

ON NO ACCOUNT SHOULD THIS SUPPLEMENT BE ALLOWED TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF CHILDREN OR ADOLESCENTS.

IT SHOULD NOT BE READ BY SUBSCRIBERS, ESPECIALLY WOMEN SUBSCRIBERS, WHO LACK STRONG NERVES AND TOUGH MINDS.

WHAT IS PUBLISHED HERE IS A TERRIFYING DOCUMENT, A HORRIFYING DOCUMENT, AN OBSCENE DOCUMENT, BUT AN OFFICIAL DOCUMENT.

THE REASON FOR PUBLISHING IT MAY BE BRIEFLY STATED.

IF "INDEPENDENCE" IS TO BE GIVEN TO KENYA, NYASALAND AND PERHAPS NORTHERN RHODESIA, THEN AT LEAST LET THE BRITISH PEOPLE KNOW WHAT THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT IS DOING AND THE KIND OF MENTALITY TO WHICH THEIR KITH AND KIN IN THOSE TERRITORIES MAY BE SACRIFICED.

I CAN THINK OF NO MORE EFFECTIVE MEANS OF ACHIEVING THIS OBJECT THAN BY CIRCULATING TO ADULTS THIS OFFICIAL KENYA GOVERNMENT DESCRIPTION OF THE MAU MAU OATHS AND OATH-TAKING CEREMONIES.

THE OATHS ARE TERRIBLE ENOUGH, BUT THE ACTUAL CEREMONIES ARE SO APPALLING IN ALL THEIR VILENESS AND FILTH AND SEXUAL DEPRAVITY THAT NO EDITOR IN THE WORLD HAS

TAKEN THE RESPONSIBILITY OF ALLOWING HIS READERS TO STUDY THEM.

IT SHOULD BE POINTED OUT THAT DECENT AFRICANS ARE AS HORRIFIED BY SUCH HAPPENINGS AS ARE SANE EUROPEANS. IT MUST BE SAID, AGAINST THIS, THAT ABOUT 90 PER CENT OF THE KIKUYU - THE LARGEST TRIBE IN KENYA - BECAME IN GREATER OR LESS DEGREE INFECTED BY MAU MAU.

WHAT FOLLOWS SHOULD NOT BE JUDGED BY THE FIRST HALF OF IT. THE DOCUMENT BECOMES INCREASINGLY HORRIBLE TO READ.

HAVING GIVEN MY SOLEMN WARNING THAT THE CONTENTS OF THIS SUPPLEMENT SHOULD NOT BE SEEN BY THE SQUEAMISH OR THE IMMATURE, I ANNOUNCE MY WILLINGNESS TO FACE ANY CONSEQUENCES WHICH MAY ARISE AS A RESULT OF MY DECISION TO MAKE KNOWN THESE FACTS.

SUBSCRIBERS CAN NOW BURN THE SUPPLEMENT OR READ ON.

A.K. CHESTERTON,
EDITOR OF *CANDOUR*.

MAU MAU OATHS CEREMONIES

In view of the recent launching by Mau Mau of a campaign to re-oath its adherents and to enclose in its net an ever-greater number of African followers, not only of the Kikuyu tribe, and in view also of the increasing bestiality of the oath ritual, it is timely and necessary to appreciate anew the significance of Mau Mau ceremonial practices and to

review the extent and type of atrocities perpetrated by members of the movement.

Much has been written from time to time about the significance of tribal oaths, some seventy in number, in the life of the Kikuyu, still held as he is in the grip of pagan superstitions and ideologies. The originators of the Mau Mau movement chose the more powerful features of those many oaths to ensure that the Mau Mau version was supremely powerful - as it has since proved to be, despite the fact that in three ways it transgresses Kikuyu custom, which prohibits the administration of oaths by night, by force, and to women.

The original aim of Mau Mau, as expressed in the words of the oath, was secretly to unite, discipline and foster political consciousness among the Kikuyu, with the ultimate object of satisfying the political aspirations of its leaders, if necessary by force. The terms of the original oath were as follows:

- (a) If I ever reveal the secrets of this organisation, may this oath kill me.
- (b) If I ever sell or dispose of any Kikuyu land to a foreigner, may this oath kill me.
- (c) If I ever fail to follow our great leader Kenyatta, may this oath kill me.
- (d) If I ever inform against any member of this organisation or against any member who steals from a European, may this oath kill me.
- (e) If I ever fail to pay the fees of this organisation, may this oath kill me.

NEW CLAUSES

As the Mau Mau campaign gained strength and the advocates of violence came to the fore, the terms of the original oath were amended to include the following new clauses, *inter alia*:

- (a) If I am sent to bring in the head of any one and I fail to do so, may this oath kill me.
- (b) If I fail to steal anything from the European, may this oath kill me.
- (c) If I know of any enemy to our organisation and I fail to report him to my leader, may this oath kill me.
- (d) If I ever receive any money from a European as a bribe for information, may this oath kill me.
- (e) If I am ever sent by a leader to do something big for the house of Kikuyu, and I refuse, may this oath kill me.
- (f) If I refuse to help in driving the Europeans from this country, may this oath kill me.
- (g) If I worship any leader but Jomo, may this oath kill me.

With the advent of these new terms there came an increase in acts of violence by Mau Mau.

The oath so far described is the general, or 3rd grade, oath from which no Kikuyu man, woman or young person is exempt, and which may be taken again and again by the same person. Its effect has been to create a mass of violent-minded, often bewildered people, chained by superstition and fear to the commands of their unscrupulous leaders. In the early days the ritual was primitive but not bestial, its symbolism alone being sufficiently powerful to bind initiates to the terms of the ghastly oath. In more recent times bestial practices and numerous stages of ceremonial have embellished the ritual in certain areas, particularly Meru.

With the launching of the violent campaign came the need for leaders of gangs, committees and other Mau Mau

organisations. To them was administered a stronger, or 2nd grade, oath in the following terms:

- (a) If I fail to lead the children of Mumbi in a proper manner, may I die.
- (b) If I fail to support the Independent School movement, may I die.
- (c) If I betray the leaders of the Kenya Africa Union, may I die.
- (d) If I fail to support this organisation until the day of independence, may I die.
- (e) I must sacrifice my blood and the blood of Kikuyu for freedom.

There is a third, or 1st grade, oath taken only by leading political agitators. The terms of this oath are political and vary from time to time in accord with circumstances. It is significant that no instances have come to light of its being administered since the declaration of the state of emergency when the principal political agitators were arrested and detained on account of their complicity in the Mau Mau movement.

BATUNI OATH

Apart from these three basic oaths, two new versions have been devised to meet the needs of the terrorist campaign. The first, called the "Githaka" or "Forest" oath, is administered by forest gang leaders to their followers; the second, the "Batuni" or "Platoon" oath, the most recent innovation, is gradually being administered to all Mau Mau "soldiers" and "soldier recruits". By taking the "Batuni" a man becomes a full-blooded terrorist. The following are some of the common features of the "Batuni":

- (a) To burn Europeans' crops and kill European-owned cattle;
- (b) To steal firearms;
- (c) If ordered to kill, to kill no matter who is to be the victim, even one's father or brother.
- (d) When killing to cut off heads, extract the eyeballs and drink the liquid from them.
- (e) Particularly to kill Europeans.

It must be seen from the foregoing that the terms of the Mau Mau oath have become increasingly more violent and bloodthirsty, envisaging even the killing of father by son and brother by brother. It is not perhaps surprising, therefore, that with this increased emphasis on brutality and murder in the words of the oath, a corresponding increase in bestiality should have invaded the ritual of oath ceremonies, thus forcing the initiates to reach the necessary pitch of blood lust and degradation to make it possible for them to pronounce the ghastly words of the oath itself.

The only possible deduction to be drawn from the details of the bestiality and perversion connected with the ceremonies is the horrible one that we are now faced in Kenya with a terrorist organisation composed not of ordinary human beings fighting for a cause but of primitive beasts who have forsaken all moral codes in order to achieve the subjugation of the Kikuyu tribe and the ultimate massacre of the European population of the Colony.

That these terrible rituals and oaths drive the participants to honour their vows is only too apparent from the lurid list of atrocities committed by Mau Mau. Such atrocities include:

- (a) The Lari massacre;
- (b) Decapitation and general mutilation of victims;
- (c) Bodies bound up in sacks and dropped into wells;
- (d) Torture before murder;

- (e) Exhumation of bodies and eating the putrified flesh;
- (f) Drinking of human blood - (ex-chief Luka's child was cut in half, its blood drunk, and the two halves of the body were flung at the mother, who was then killed);
- (g) Death by hanging;
- (h) Pregnant women split open along the stomach;
- (i) Victims held down while their heads are slowly sawn off with pangas;
- (j) Maiming of cattle by hamstringing;
- (k) Cutting off the ears of persons who have not taken the oath so as to identify them in the future as Government loyalists.

These and similar atrocities have been perpetrated against people of all races in Kenya.

Growing up side by side with and immersed in these horrors is the new generation of Kikuyu youth, which ever since reaching the age of reason has been indoctrinated, largely through the Kikuyu Independent Schools, with a hatred of the European, a fanatical admiration for Kenyatta, and a disregard for parental and tribal authority. These young men are the backbone of Mau Mau terrorism, and they owe no allegiance to the ordinary dictates of either Christian or pagan ethics.

Such then is the problem of Mau Mau. The gradual extermination of terrorists will in the end undoubtedly sway the majority of the Kikuyu tribe against terrorism as a means of achieving an end. There will remain, however, the need to lead the debased and unruly youth of the tribe to a better way of life. There is now, also, the need to dissuade the youth of other tribes from following the downward path of their Kikuyu counterparts. Normal means of rehabilitation are unlikely to succeed until the common law of discipline has been instilled and is obeyed.

HORRIBLE CEREMONIES

The following confessions given by Kikuyu who have taken these degrading oaths are quoted individually. It will be seen that the confessions give certain details that appear throughout.

Extract from statement by KARIOKI s/o NJEROGE to South Kinangop Screening Team:

"I was made to pay Shs. 10/0 to Mweru s/o Rugo. I took this oath along with: Mbae s/o Kanyi Karango s/o Matitka Gachomo s/o Njiru Kamau s/o Munyau Gatete s/o Njuguna Karanja s/o Ngutu and Mungai s/o Kamau.

"I was made to take my clothes off for this ceremony, and made to place the meat from a sheep's chest on my penis holding the meat with my left hand whilst with my right hand I took a small stick about 6" long and poked it through the meat at the same time eating a small piece.

"This performance was repeated seven times and each time with a new stick. Each time the oath was taken the oath ran as follows:

1. Should I be ordered to burn the European crops I will do so and not turn back.
2. Should I be ordered to kill cattle I shall do so and not turn back.
3. Should it be possible for me to steal a firearm I will do so.
4. If I am ordered to kill, I will, no matter who it is.
5. In the event of me killing anyone I will cut their heads off, extract the eyeballs, and drink the liquid from them.

6. Should a gangster from the forest come with blood-stained clothing I must take them and supply him with new ones.
7. When I go to kill someone I must take with me a strangling rope, a small knife to extract the victim's eyes and a handkerchief to cover my hands against fingerprints.

"The above are the only oaths I know of that are given at a "Platoon" ceremony."

Extract from a statement made by THEMU MAGU to J.M. HARVEY and R.K.S. HENDRY:

"I found a circle of bababa leaves, potatoes and sugar cane leaves and sorghum leaves. There was a girl there and Karanja. The ram which was used had been killed yesterday at General Charle's camp, and had been used for the fourth oath there.

"I was put into the circle and made to take off all my clothes. The whole breast of the ram had been cut off, including the penis; I was made to squat down on the ground within the circle. The meat was placed on my penis and chest. I held it in place and ate one end of the meat. The Ndito stood on one side, the meat and penis of the ram was placed in the vagina of the Ndito who was having her 'monthlies'. It was then given back to me, and I was made to eat parts of it, including parts of the penis and testicles. Only small parts were eaten by each man taking the oath.

"The girl's name is WAITHIRRA NGUME. I heard that she has taken five oaths. She was not a prostitute, but is one now. Her father NGUME lives in Chief Muhoya's District, the village is Karanga. There are ten girls in the camp and all are used when they have their 'monthlies' if the fourth oath is to be given. This is part of their job.

"When I took the fourth oath three others took it. Wachira Gathuke, Magugu Githaiga and Gudo Mwasa.

"I was made to swear:

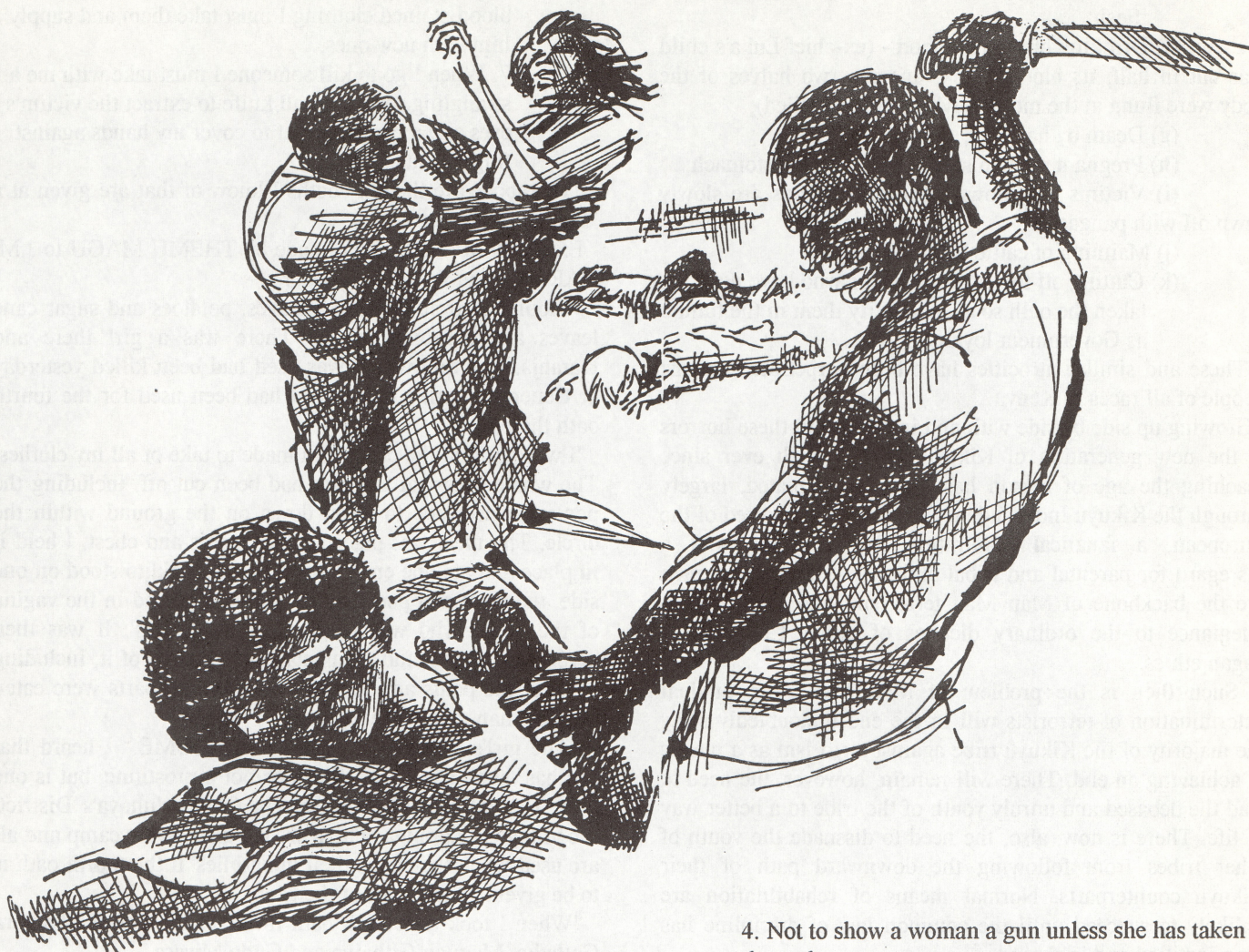
1. I was not to tell anyone about this oath.
2. To hate my father and mother.
3. To steal arms or anything else which would help Mau Mau.
4. Not to fall out with any Mau Mau.
5. To kill Europeans or Kikuyu if so ordered.
6. To steal money from Europeans.
7. To refuse orders from Europeans.
8. To kill any European."

PLATOON OATH

Extract from a statement made by THIGA S/O MAKUHA to South Kinangop Screening Team:

"This was a 'platoon' oath. No one wore any clothes and in the hut stuck to the floor with a stick was a bit of gristle from behind a goat's neck (Ngata in Kikuyu). Also seven sticks which I rubbed in the gristle as I took the oath. Also a piece of fatty meat which runs under the neck of the goat (Gisuir in Kikuyu). Into one end of the 'Gisuru' I inserted my penis while I chewed the other end of the 'Gisuru' and repeated these words:

1. If I do the platoon wrong they will kill me.
2. If either my wife or child does the platoon wrong, they will take either their heads or mine.
3. If I am told to kill a European I will do so, or be killed.
4. If I am told to burn a farmer's wheat or destroy his maize I will do so or die.
5. If I am told to kill or maim a farmer's cattle or sheep I will do so or lose my head.



6. If I told to help release prisoners from jail, I will do so or this oath will kill me.

7. If the platoon wants my wife for any reason I will give her to them or they will take my head."

Extract from statement made by WAWERU s/o CHEGE to R.K.S. Hendry:

"The fourth oath is taken as follows:

"A ram is killed, the penis is cut off. A ewe is killed and the vagina of sheep is inserted into the vagina of a Kikuyu prostitute who is having her 'monthlies'. Removed from the vagina of the prostitute and is licked seven times by men receiving oath. Penis and vagina then passed round seven times. This procedure takes place with all the people taking the oath, until all have licked the penis/vagina until all is eaten.

"Ten men took the oath at the same time as I did. When penis/vagina had been eaten, blood of ram and ewe is mixed with earth, small potatoes, small amount of wimbi, sugar cane, banana, sweet potatoes, Kikuyu beans - this mixture is eaten seven times. Then all the meat is eaten. Then every man who has taken the fourth oath on that night lies with the prostitute. In the morning the prostitute goes to the river to wash and then returns to Njabini. Her name is WAINJA. She is not at Thika.

"Oaths taken:

1. I must kill even my brother.
2. I must steal arms or ammo.
3. Every man from now on, even a brother, who has not taken the Mau Mau oath is an enemy.

4. Not to show a woman a gun unless she has taken the oath.

5. If by any chance a bibi (woman) who has not taken the oath sees a fourth oath man with a gun, she is to be killed.

NAIVASHA CONFESSIONS

The details of all the oaths now administered to the various "ranks" of the Mau Mau were supplied by the NAIVASHA SCREENING TEAM from information received from confessions.

FIRST OATH: The first oath is of being cut and millet (Njahi) mixed with blood and the mixture taken. (There are five stages in taking this oath.)

SECOND OATH: To be pricked on the thumb to draw blood. (There are eight stages in this oath.)

THIRD OATH: To place a piece of meat in the anus of an old woman, to take it and the oath.

FOURTH OATH (Captains): The administrator waves his hand over the head of the "victim" seven times. The eyes of a human head are then pricked seven times, and the fingers of the right hand of the dead man are bent seven times.

FIFTH OATH (Major) (Treasurer): The brain of a dead man (African) is bitten and eaten seven times.

SIXTH OATH (Colonel): To drink the blood of a menstrual discharge seven times.

SEVENTH OATH (Brigadier): The brain of a dead man (European) is bitten and eaten seven times.

EIGHTH OATH (General): To drink the urine of a woman during menstruation seven times. The wrist bones of a body are broken up and mixed with excreta and earth and blood and are taken seven times.

Taking Oath in the Forest: The group taking the oath have to kill a man and a boy. The head of the man is used, the blood being mixed with that of the oath-takers. Then the brain of the boy, of the man and some of the mugere tree are eaten together seven times. The oath-taker swears never to disclose the whereabouts of arms and ammunition. The heart of the child is then cut from the body and is pricked seven times with a sharp nail.

Women: The oath for women is taken with the tail which has been cut from a dog placed in the vagina.

In another district the details of the oaths are:-

FOURTH GRADE: A woman sits naked at the meeting. The initiate inserts a dead goat's penis into the vagina of the woman seven times; the goat's penis is then dipped into a vessel of blood and the initiate licks it seven times. The initiate then jumps over the prostrate body of the woman.

FIFTH GRADE: A naked woman is present at the meeting. As the initiate approaches, the woman lies on her back, and the initiate inserts his penis seven times. The man then jumps over the prostrate body of the woman. During this oath the oather apparently stands by to make sure that no time is wasted. Ejaculation is not encouraged.

SIXTH GRADE: Three naked women are present at the meeting. She makes attempts to have intercourse with a dog. The dog is then killed and its penis cut off. The oather then inserts the dog's penis seven times into the woman's vagina. The penis is then dipped in a vessel of blood and handed round to all the initiates to be licked seven times by each person.

NOTES:- It seems a common practice to take the first, second and third oaths together. There is also a shortened form of all seven oaths which can apparently be taken all in one night. The lying down is believed to be a symbol of dying through the oath if the society is betrayed.

FOREST OATHS

In another district all who had attended the meeting had been previously initiated except two Meru. These two were initiated in the normal way at the beginning of the meeting in the first clearing. While this was in progress the organisers were preparing equipment for the second and third oaths. A large quantity of beer was drunk in the first clearing.

The members were then called in batches to the second place. They took off all their clothes. Senior members stood around clothed and carrying knives, simis, pangas, etc. A live sheep was held by the other and each initiate was obliged to have sexual intercourse with the sheep as the words of the oath were repeated. Some of the witnesses say that their penis just touched the vulva of the sheep, others admit that full intercourse took place. The words of the oath were the same as in the familiar first oath with the addition that this oath would make them sterile if they betrayed the society. Each member as he took this oath had seven rings of sheepskin placed on each wrist. It is probable that these were sheep's vulvas.

In the third clearing there were two arches. The first arch was festooned with sheep's intestines. The second was also so decorated and in addition there were leaves of a sacred Meru bush (Mahara) spread below it and hanging from the centre of the arch were the sexual organs of a dead female sheep with other parts of the sheep attached. Below the arch was a bowl of blood with seeds in it and also milk. The procedure in this third ceremony was for the initiate to crawl through the first arch and then kneel before the second arch and

masturbate into the sheep's vagina. The other parts of the sheep were held in the mouth at the same time. The orgasm was directed through the sheep's vagina so that the semen fell into the bowl of blood. After this the initiates had to drink some of this brew. "Kiberichia Cocktail", while repeating the words of the oath which were the same as the second oathing ceremony. There is evidence that a young woman was present at this ceremony. She was presumably partly for exciting purposes but two witnesses say that her blood was mingled with that in the bowl. One of these, in cross-examination, says that her thumb was pricked to obtain the blood.

Jomo Kenyatta - Leader of Mau Mau

Jomo Kenyatta, or Johnstone Kamau, was born in the Kiambu district in or about 1889. He attended a Church of Scotland mission school, then worked as a clerk and meter-reader in Nairobi. He entered African politics in 1922, when he joined Harry Thuku's Young Kikuyu Association. While in England, he joined the Communist Party and several anti-colonial associations. He took a Diploma in Anthropology. He married an English girl, Edna Grace Clarke.

Kenyatta presided over the first Pan-African Congress, held in Manchester in 1945, before returning to Kenya in 1946. Although Kenyatta had originally come to England to air Kikuyu grievances, his political interests soon extended beyond Kenya, and he represented Ethiopia at the League of Nations during World War II. On his return to Kenya he became president of the Kenyan African Union (a front organisation for Mau Mau). He was imprisoned and detained from 1952 to 1961.

In 1963, when Kenya became independent, Jomo Kenyatta was appointed prime minister. Men who had been avowed members of Mau Mau won seats in the new Kenya National Assembly. On November 6, an amnesty was proclaimed for all "persons still hiding in the forests," but the response was so small that the amnesty had to be extended. Groups left the forest, received their pardons, and returned to the forest immediately after. Indeed another amnesty was declared in 1964. As late as 1967, and probably much later, the evidence was that Mau Mau was much alive - as a protection racket in the remote villages. Mau Mau had become for many an animal way of life. The forest had to supply everything as supplies from the 'passive' wing ceased. They gathered wild fruit, roots and honey. With hair plaited to make the removal of lice easier, they had come to look on their old lives as remote, even frightening. Indeed Mau Mau became an end in itself and not a means....

(Mau Mau is a nonsense word, made from "Uma, Uma", or "Out! Out!")

Quote....

"What has happened in Africa since the war might have been planned and executed by a criminal lunatic of genius - some diabolist, perhaps, whose derangement took the obsessional form, in one territory or another, of reproducing a pattern in which Western European institutions were perverted with a fiendish delight in sheer mockery. There has certainly been a reckless disregard of the consequences to the human beings who were the victims of this maniacal lust for parody, for extremes of ridicule, and for the debasement and destruction of every civilizational value which had rescued a continent from barbarism and filth."

A.K. Chesterton in *The New Unhappy Lords*.

Chestnuts from Chesterton.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE.

This single adventure in weekly journalism cannot compete with our wealthy and world-wide press in resources and reports. In the case of Russia our modest distinction is only this: that we are really concerned with the abuses of Bolshevism and not only with the abuse of it. When the Trade Union Report on the experiment in Eastern Europe came out and was considered in the press, the result was very interesting indeed; its very dullness was interesting. We think it highly probable that the Trade Union delegates did not understand the conditions in Russia. But we are sure they understood them a great deal better than their English critics understand the conditions in England. It is all very well to repeat distractedly, "*What are we coming to, with all this Bolshevism?*" It is as relevant to add, "*What are we coming to, even without Bolshevism?*" The answer is: **Monopoly**. It is certainly not "*private enterprise*". The American Trust is not private enterprise. It would be truer to call the Spanish Inquisition private judgement. Monopoly is neither private nor enterprising. It exists to prevent private enterprise. And that is the present goal of our progress, if there were not a Bolshevik in the world. This paper exists to demand that we fight Bolshevism with something better than plutocracy. But anyhow we must get something better than silence about plutocracy. Compared with these evasions, the Trade Union Report is really a very philosophical document. It suffers of course from the faults of an age of very superficial philosophy. It is amusing to note the rather dazed solemnity with which the writers report the position of Woman in the New Russia. But in the same connection there was another reference that was not superficial but fundamental. In describing the marriage laws, which seem to be chiefly directed against marriage, the writers say that in this general divorce and dissolution it would certainly be hard for anyone to found a great family. That is precisely true and profoundly important. It marks again the narrowness of mere industrialism like our own, that the writer cannot really imagine any rooted family except a great family. But he is right about what made the family great. Aristocracy became powerful, much too powerful, because it did not consist of individuals, but had a name like a nation. Democracy will never become powerful unless every family is a great family. Perhaps it would have been better if the French Revolution had extended and not extinguished heraldry; if all the stormers of the Bastille, having undoubtedly borne arms, had borne armorial bearings. Anyhow, the State will always defeat the individual; if the citizen is to rule he must be more than an individual. But do we want him to rule? Bolshevism does not; and Bolshevism is not alone in that. It is absolutely certain that democracy will not be democratic unless it is domestic. But the Bolshevik does not want it to be domestic, because he does not want it to be democratic. That is the vital distinction between the two kinds of revolution. The old phrase Home Rule was really applicable to the revolt of a people who believe in homes. It is more doubtful if the *Daily Herald* will ever call itself the *Family Herald*.

The thing behind Bolshevism and many other modern things is a new doubt. It is not merely a doubt about God; it is rather specially a doubt about Man. The old morality, the Christian religion, the Catholic Church, differed from all this new mentality because it really believed in the rights of men. That is, it believed that ordinary men were clothed with powers and privileges and a kind of authority. Thus the ordinary man had a right to deal with dead matter up to a given point; that is the right of property. Thus the ordinary man had a right to rule the other animals within reason; that is the objection to vegetarianism and many other things. The ordinary man had a right to judge about his own health, and what risks he would take with the ordinary things of his environment; that is the objection to Prohibition and many other things. The ordinary man had a right to judge of his children's health, and generally to bring up children to the best of his ability; that is the objection to many interpretations of modern State education. Now in these primary things in which the old religion trusted a man, the new philosophy utterly distrusts a man. It insists that he must be a very rare sort of man to have any rights in these matters; and when he is the rare sort, he has the right to rule others even more than himself. It is this profound scepticism about the common man that is the common point in the most contradictory elements of modern thought. That is why Mr. George Bernard Shaw wants to evolve a new animal that shall live longer and grow wiser than man. That is why Mr. Sidney Webb wants to herd the men that exist like sheep, or animals much more foolish than man. They are not rebelling against an abnormal tyranny; they are rebelling against what they think is a normal tyranny; the tyranny of the normal. They are not in revolt against the King. They are in revolt against the citizen. The old revolutionist, when he stood on the roof - like the revolutionist in *The Dynamiter* - and looked over the city, used to say to himself, "*Think how the princes and nobles revel in their palaces; think how the captains and cohorts ride the streets and trample on the people*". But the new revolutionist is not brooding on that. He is saying, "*Think of all those stupid men in vulgar villas or ignorant slums. Think how badly they teach their children; think how they do the wrong thing to the dog and offend the feelings of the parrot*". In short, these sages, rightly or wrongly, cannot trust the normal man to rule in the home; and most certainly do not want him to rule in the State. They do not really want to give him any political power. They are willing to give him a vote; because they have long discovered that it need not give him any power. They are not willing to give him a house, or a wife, or a child, or a dog, or a cow, or a piece of land; because these things really do give him power.

Now we wish it to be understood at the start that our policy is to give him power by giving him these things. We wish to insist that this is the real moral division underlying all our disputes, and perhaps the only one really worth disputing. We are far from denying, especially at this stage, that there is much to be said on the other side. We would rather insist that nearly everything that is said is said on the other side. We alone, perhaps, are likely to insist in the full sense that the average respectable citizen ought to have something to rule. We alone, to the same extent and for the same reason, have the right to call ourselves democratic. A

republic used to be called a nation of kings; and in our republic the kings really have kingdoms. All modern governments, Prussian or Russian, all modern movements, Capitalist or Socialist, are taking away that kingdom from that king. Because they dislike the independence of that kingdom, they are against property. Because they dislike the loyalty of that kingdom, they are against marriage.

In this our first leading article we are most concerned to lay down that proposition; more concerned even than to prove it. That is what we think; and Bolshevism and Capitalism are absolutely at one in thinking the opposite. We shall answer in due course the arguments based on the weakness and vulgarity of the average citizen; we merely point out here that the arguments are based on that and nothing else. Both use the same argument against us; that a human life has now become impossible to humanity. We do not agree; we hold the old mystical dogma, that what a man has done man can do. They hold a rather more mysterious dogma; that man cannot do a thing because he has done it. But anyhow, it is a strange conclusion of the modern scientific advance that it leaves us with a choice between the impossible and the intolerable. For if we cannot go back, it hardly seems worthwhile to go forward. There is nothing in front but a flat wilderness of standardization either by Bolshevism or Big Business. And it is strange that we at least have seen sanity, if only in a vision, while they go forward chained eternally to enlargement without liberty and progress without hope.

G.K. CHESTERTON.

This article was the lead article in the first issue of *G.K.'s Weekly* published on March 21st 1925. How little things have changed in over 70 years of 'Progress'. The Powers-that-Be are prepared to give us votes, stocks and shares in privatized companies, an allegedly democratic input into the running of the National Health Service and the national education system - but they are *not* prepared to give us **Property** - in land and in the means of production - which **alone** in the temporal sphere can give us independence and freedom. The naive can berate the 'fools' in government; but the worldly-wise are well aware that this is the work of cunning and evil men, working to a plan, to ensure that all but the few are enslaved in a New World Order - even if the slavery of that Order is full of credit cards, life-long mortgages and short-term work contracts.

In seventy years, we have seen the pace of standardization grow relentlessly. Everyone now wears the same clothes; drives the same cars; reads the same books; lauds the same films. In other words, men have become more and more robotic in their lives, and yet our media trumpets incessantly about the "choice" at our disposal; we are told that we live in the "age of the personal" - as if a 'personal number plate' or your name on a mug, churned out by the million, could have any connection whatever with the real idea of 'personality'. We live in the age of instant bingo, instant coffee, instant sex, instant entertainment - with the result that all such instant things are wholly worthless; *things of quality and substance take time to be made, to be enjoyed, to be savoured.*

The way back to sanity is a long one, and it is a way strewn with hardship and sacrifice; the alternative is simply to roll over and play dead. For those still with the courage to fight, it is essential that they put themselves into contact once again with *real* ideas, with *real* alternatives. Since Economics dominate our lives, and since our current economic system is a nightmarish dream, it is vital that patriots, militants and people of good-will come to read about *real* economics. ***It is a question of returning to First Principles.***

For that reason, we recommend without reservation the two following, easy to read, but vitally important works, by Hilaire Belloc - GK's comrade in arms in favour of the rights of ordinary people.

Usury is the title of a short work that explains *what* it is, and *how* it works. This edition carries an interesting *Introduction*, which sets Usury in a modern context, so that there can be no doubt at all of the great evil of this thing, or of the great destruction that it is perpetrating every second of every passing day. It retails at £2.00 including postage and packing.*

Economics for Helen, on the other hand, is a longer work that explains the weaknesses of both Capitalism and Socialism, and points the way to the only alternative: ***Distributism***. It is a work that was written for an intelligent teenage girl, so there is no reason why every reader of *Candour* cannot buy a copy of this long unavailable work, and profit greatly from it. It retails at just £6.50 including postage and packing.*

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BELLOC FACTFILE....

Born: During a thunderstorm, Saint-Cloud, Paris, 27 July 1870.

Ancestry: French, English and Irish.

Education: Oratory School, Birmingham and Balliol College, Oxford.

Distinctions: President Balliol Literary & Debating Society. Brackenbury Scholarship. Graduated 1895 First-Class Honours.

Publications: Verses & Sonnets, 1895. Bad Child's Book of Beasts, 1896. Path to Rome, 1902. The Four Men, 1912. History of England, Joan of Arc, James II, 1928. Many, many others....

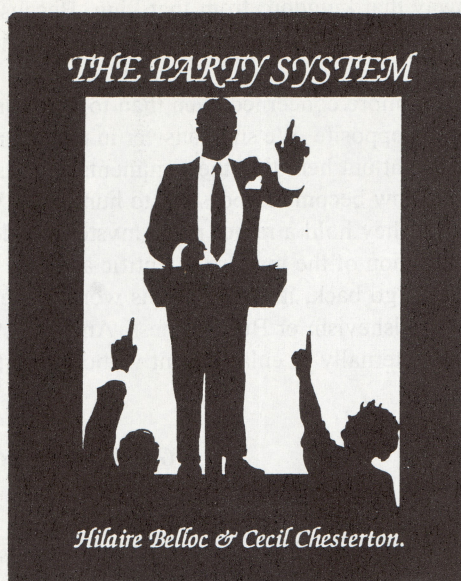
Domestic: Married Elodie Hogan, 15 June 1896, Napa, San Francisco. Three sons, two daughters.

Politics: Liberal MP for South Salford, 1906-1910.

Died: July 15 1953, aged 82, from burns and shock after falling into fireplace. Buried East Grinstead.



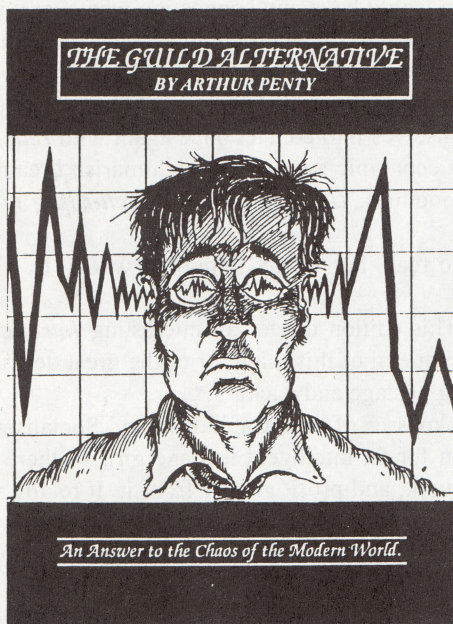
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